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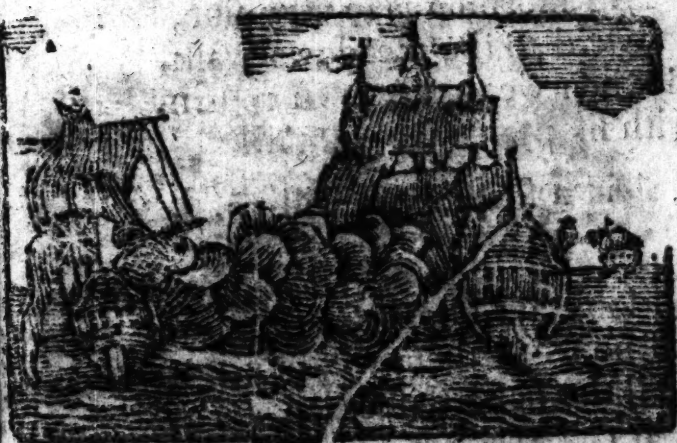
Ladies Amusement

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To which is added,

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HAWKE'S ENGAGEMENT.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.



LADIES AMUSEMENT.

THIS morning is so very fine,
we'll to the meadows walk,
And when we to the town return,
with shop-men we will talk.

And a shopping we will go.

We'll look at ribbons, laces, gloves
and none of them will buy,
But tell the haberdasher lads,
we'll call another day.

And &c.

Next to the mercers we will haste,
 we'll teaze their silks a while,
 and say we're vex'd for troubling them;
 then leave them with a smile.

And &c.

Hard ware and pretty glitt'ring things,
 how we shall them refuse;
 We'll say they're for a country friend,
 and therefore cannot chuse.

And &c.

Upholsterers shall not escape,
 at this our grand review;
 We'll price their carpets, tables, chairs,
 the r printed hangings too.

And &c.

Some brittle wares, we must now see,
 delf, china, glafs and stone;
 We'll say they're crack'd, we'll say they're
 dear.

and we'll of them have none.

And &c.

Now after we are thus fatigu'd,
perfumes will give us ease;
We'll visit all the scented shops,
but nothing there shall please.

And &c.

From shop to shop we'll range about,
till ev'nings darkeſt ſhades,
And when we can no longer ſee,
we muſt prepare for beds.

And &c.

HAWKE'S ENGAGEMENT.

THE fourteenth of September,
in Torbay as we lay,
Bold Hawke did hoist his flag, Sir,
and came on board that day.

Kind Neptune did protect us,
with a sweet and pleasant breeze,
We hoisted up our topsails,
in crossing the raging seas.

We had not cross'd the raging seas,
full thirty leagues or more,
We spy'd a sail to windward,
and down on us she bore.

O then he hail'd our Admiral,
and thus to him did say,
The French fleet's all sail'd out Sir,
and bound for Quib'ron Bay.

Can you tell me at what distance,
and where about they ly?
O yes kind Sir, he then reply'd,
it's thirty leagues to day.

There's twenty-two sail of the line,
to leeward of us do ly,

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All clean and tight for action,
as ever you did see.

Then up bespoke our captain bold,
to Edward Hawke did lay,
This is the finest news, Sir,
that's brought to us this day.

Then Hawke himself soon mounted,
upon the lofty yard:
His wings were spread at large my boys,
and after them we steer'd.

The fifteenth of September,
the morning being clear,
When twenty-two sail of the line,
to leeward did appear.

All hands, all hands did rattle
a glorious fight to see,

Unto the fight prepar'd my boys,
like lions bold and free.

We steer'd unto the French fleet,
as nigh as we could ly.

Till twelve of them engag'd us,
and that most speedily.

They made a bloody battle,
the like was never seen,
The first broadside we gave them boys,
we laid them on their beams.

Oh! that is a glorious broadside,
our Admiral replies,

Now give them such another,
their ships will be a prize.

Like thunder on the French fleet.

our cannons they did roar,
We sunk the pride of France, my boys,
all on their native shore.

O don't you see the pride of France,
to the depths is going down.

With many a dismal sigh, Sir,
and many a grievous groan.

Conflans was sore affrighted,
he could no longer stay :
The rest of them turn'd tail, my boys,
like cowards run away.

O then they steer'd for Gorjack Bay,
where we led them a dance ;
It prov'd to be the fatal blow
that sunk the crown of France.

The rising Sun we burned,
and the poor Prince likewise :
And two of them we sunk, my boys,
and one we made our prize.

So now the fight is over,
fill up a flowing bowl,
Whilst we're upon the roaring seas,
there's none shall us controul.

Here's a health to all commanders,
that are loyal just and true.

Likewise unto Sir Edward Hawke,
and the Royal George's crew.

10 JUL 18